



5

A L I E N TM



SHALVEY
BROCCARDO
REDMOND

PARENTAL ADVISORY

IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MARVEL

2195. THE KEG RESEARCH
BASE CONTROL ROOM. OUTSIDE.
THIRTY MINUTES AGO.

SKREEE!

Wendell,
no, don't--

I have
it, it's...

AAAAGH!

Hagh!

HFFFF!

AlIEEE!

D-d-damn...
leg...

What a
mess.

This was
supposed to be
a simple...simple
assignment.

Excavation
team.

Th-they're
m'best
chance...

"...for survival."

THE KEG RESEARCH BASE. THIRD FLOOR. NOW.



Dayton!
You...

Yeah. Don't
worry about that
right now.



Zasha, you
didn't get any
of that shit on
you, did
you?

Are you
okay?



No...
no, I'm not.
Mama's dead,
Dayton.

She's
gone.

Her
and the
baby.



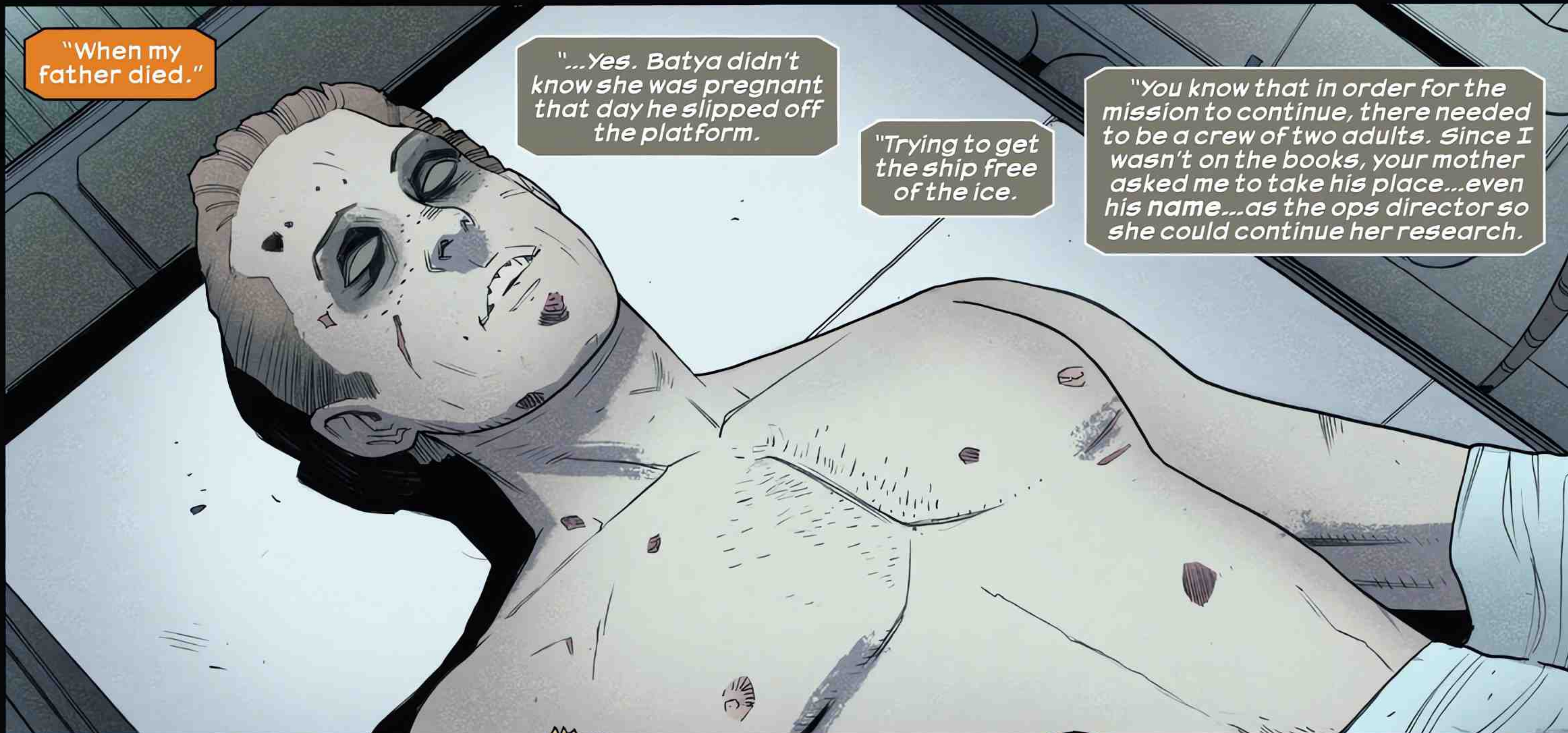
-Snf-
I tried to
help her. I
wasn't good
enough.

I let her
down.

Zasha,
honey, that
could never
be true.







"When my father died."

"...Yes. Batya didn't know she was pregnant that day he slipped off the platform."

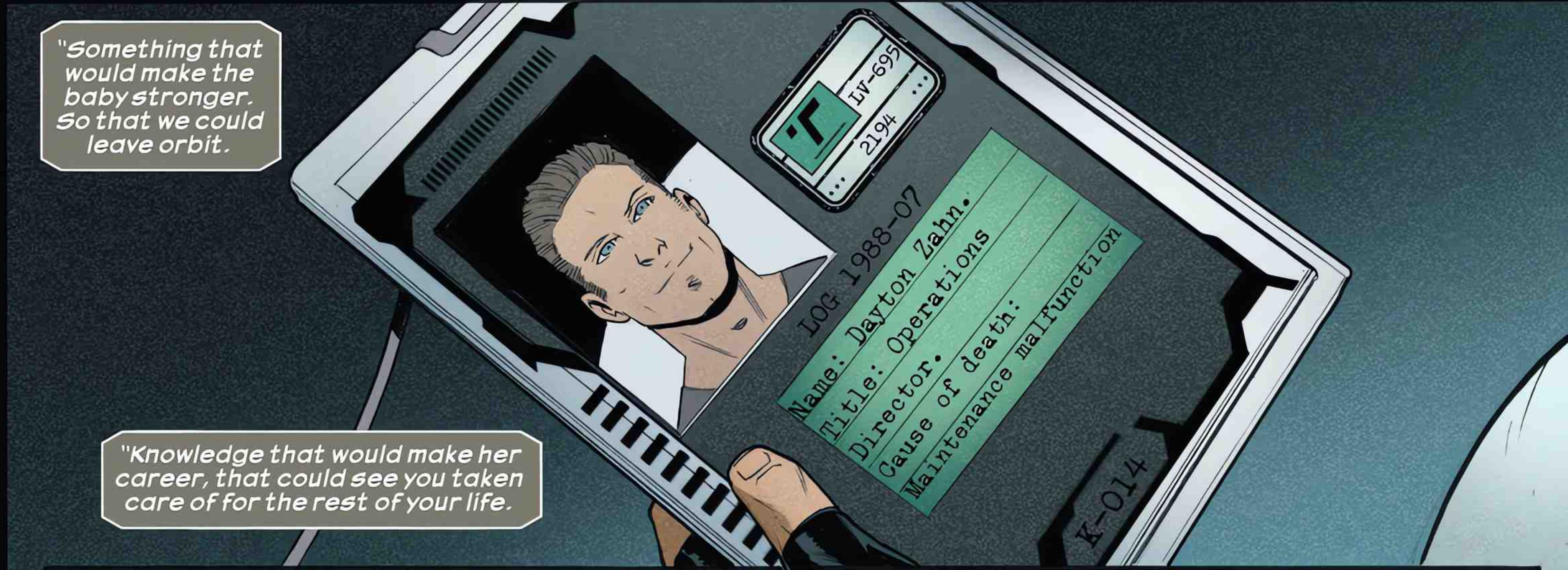
"Trying to get the ship free of the ice."

"You know that in order for the mission to continue, there needed to be a crew of two adults. Since I wasn't on the books, your mother asked me to take his place...even his name...as the ops director so she could continue her research."



"And to help look after you."

"She later found out that she had complications for her pregnancy, but that's when she made a more fortunate discovery. She believed the solution laid in what they had discovered in the ice."



"Something that would make the baby stronger. So that we could leave orbit."

"Knowledge that would make her career, that could see you taken care of for the rest of your life."



"A discovery that she'd only heard of as rumor."



"Something with a resilient genetic trait. Something revolutionary."

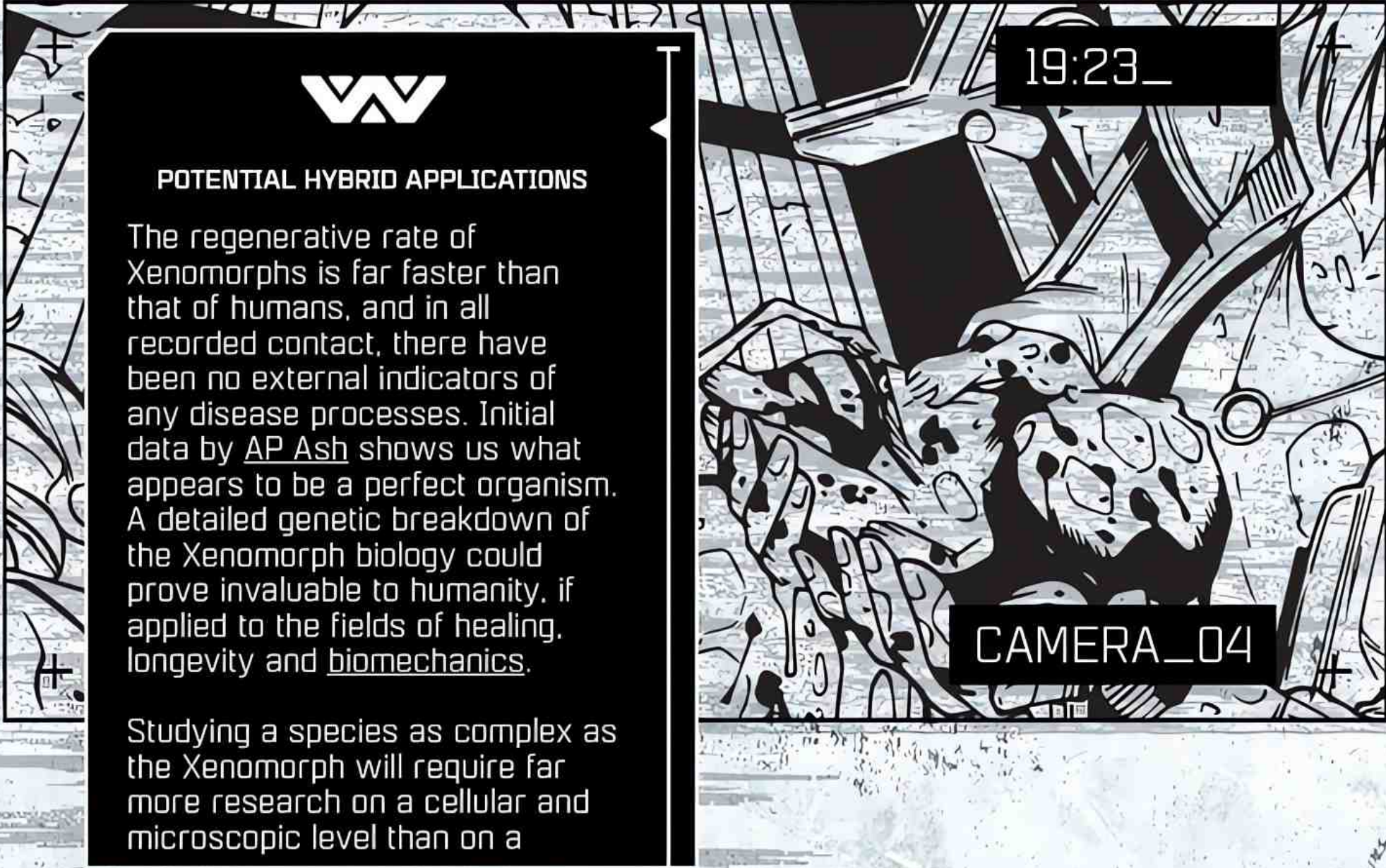
"Something alien."



In **2122**, the multinational corporation **Weyland-Yutani** diverted their commercial towing vehicle, the ***Nostramo***, to the moon **LV-426**. Weyland-Yutani, purporting to answer a possible distress call, secretly wished to secure specimens of a dangerous alien species known as **Xenomorphs** for study and profit. Tragedy struck the crew.

In **2179**, a colony known as **Hadley's Hope**--built on LV-426--was overrun by Xenomorphs. All rescue attempts failed.

Now the year is **2195**. **Talbot Engineering Inc.** sent scientist **Batya Zahn**, her partner, **Dayton**, and daughter, **Zasha**, to research the water resources on the frozen moon **LV-695**. After Zasha discovered a facehugger specimen, **Weyland-Yutani** bought Talbot in hopes of collecting Batya's research, believing she'd been conducting illicit experiments. They never suspected that the pregnant Batya had experimented on herself--attempting to turn her unborn son into the first **human-Xenomorph hybrid**. Before the truth could be revealed, an **unusual, pale Xenomorph** began terrorizing the base, with countless more standard Xenomorphs emerging from the ice. Batya and Zasha were making an escape when Batya's water broke. Zasha delivered the hybrid baby amid the chaos, but neither mother nor baby survived. Then, the creature attacked. Dayton came to Zasha's rescue--and revealed himself to be a Synthetic! Will it be enough to save both their lives?



A L I E N

T H A W PART 5 OF 5

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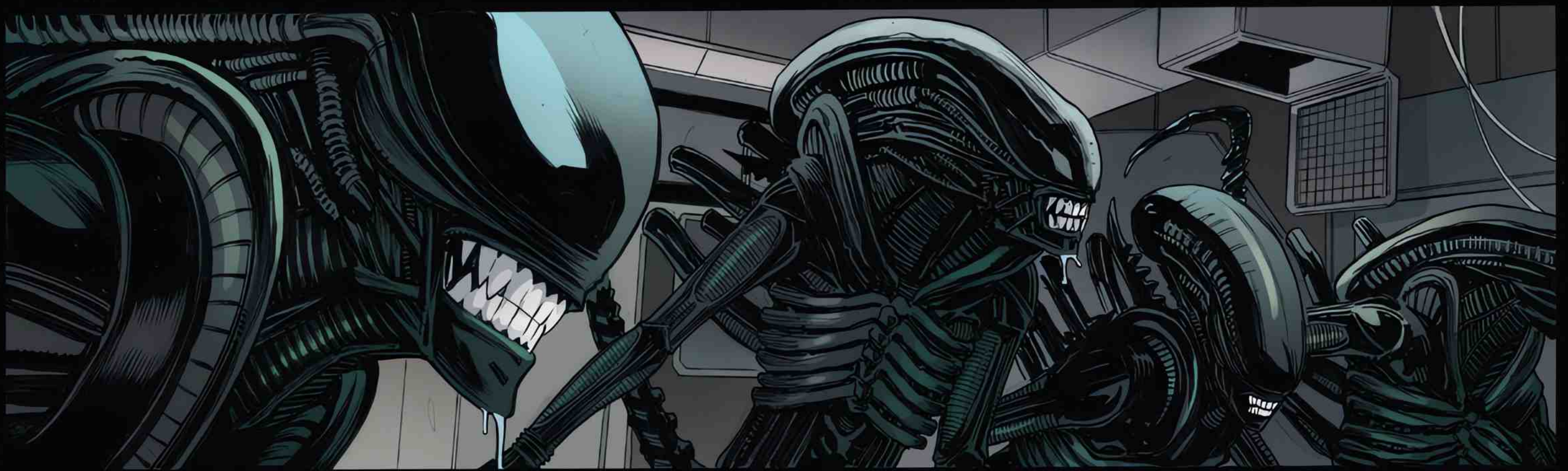
"Well. She found something, that's for sure."



"But will we survive it, Dayton?"



"Will anyone...?"

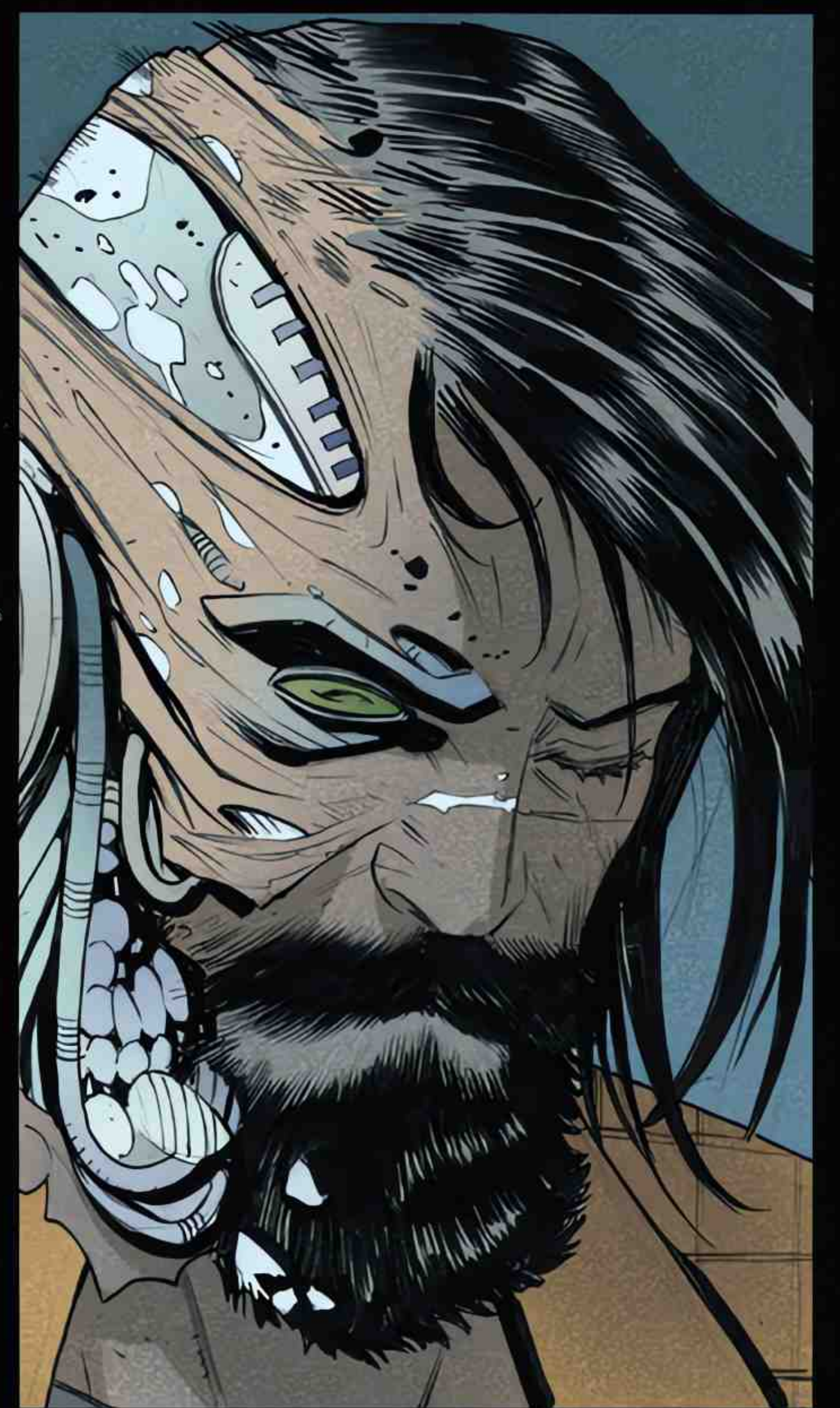


"%\$#@ this shit show. We need to get off this rock now."

"Fine with me, man. I'm over this."

"All right, then. Follow me, Cleary--I know where we need to go."









You two will have plenty of time, once me and my buddy here jump orbit.



Well, maybe not *plenty* of time.

Okay, listen to me, please. This kid has hurt no one. The ship can take three. Take her with you.



A damn *Synth*. I should have known. Did you kill the *real* Dayton Zahn?

Cleary, get that ship warmed up for us.

You got it.



No...I was a defective unit-- the Zahns got me in for dirty work. He died in an accident.

So, you'll take the girl with you?



Hmm? Oh no. Not a chance in hell.

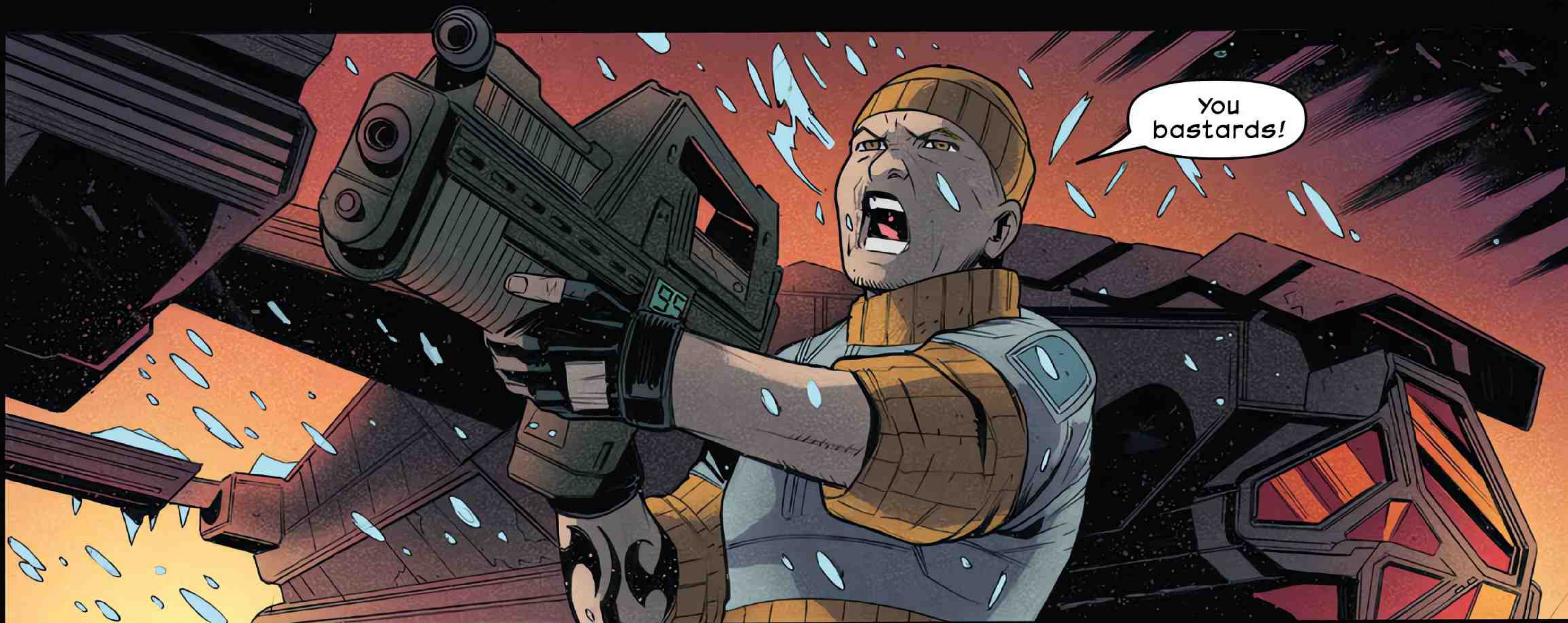


What....?

This all started when we had to go search for the runt. Now all my buddies are *dead*. Same deal is good enough for her, in my book.







You bastards!



Don't &\$#@%\$# try it!

I don't want to shoot a kid, but I will if I have to.



I know what you all were up to. I saw that butcher's shop down there. Hacked up bits of...*whatever* those things are.

I don't know who the biggest monsters are, you or them.



Mister, I--

SHUT UP!



I've seen enough of this hellhole. I'm taking this ship--
alone.







No... Dayton!



Damn.



HHRRRRRRRRRR



Zasha.

I promised your mother I'd keep you both safe.

I failed to look after her...



...I'm not going to fail her again.



This ship
will get you
somewhere away
from prying
eyes.

An old
Talbot facility.
Start a new
life.



NOOOOOO!

Dayton!
I'm
sorry!

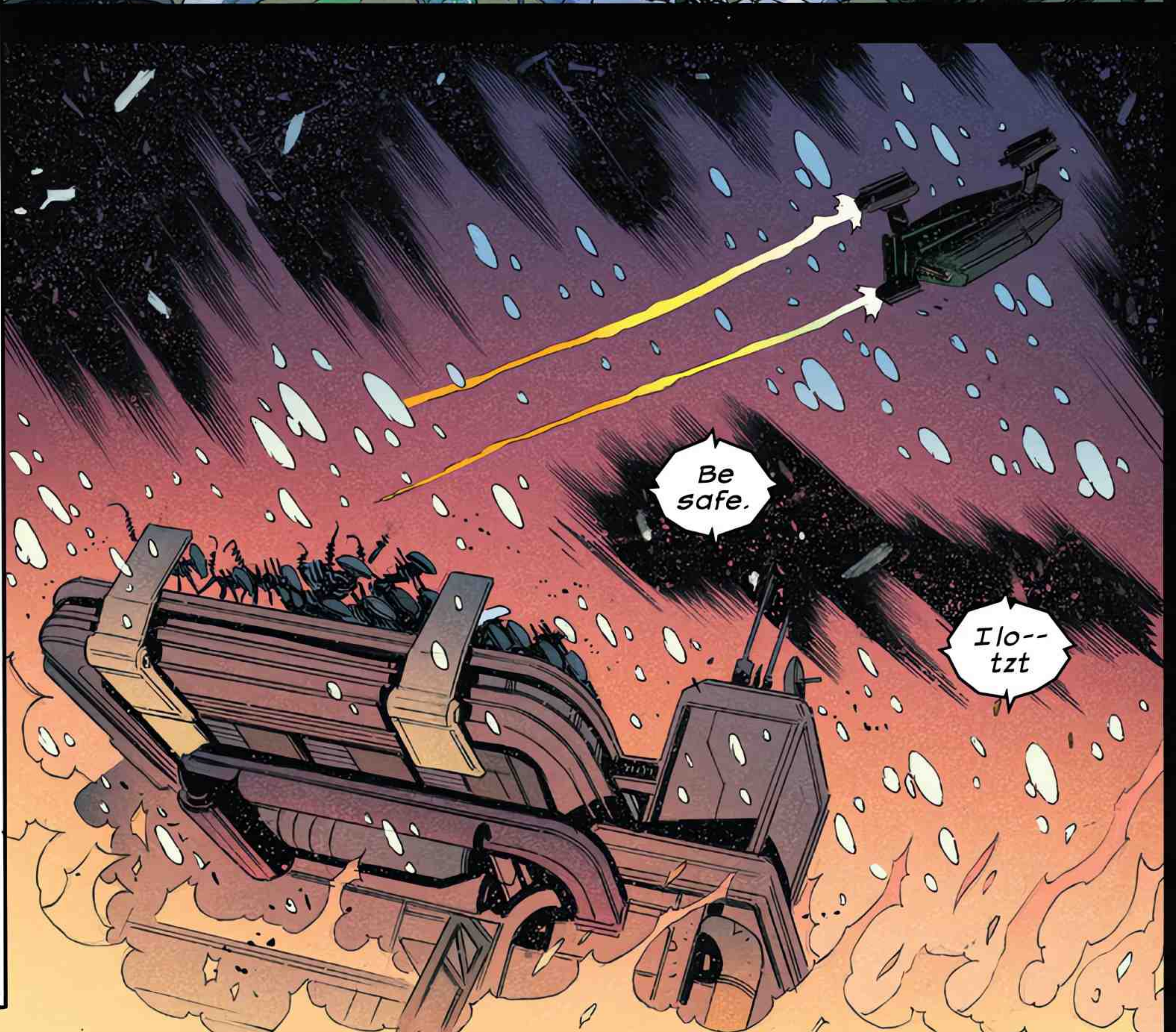


Don't
be, kid.

You gave
me something I
could never have
imagined.

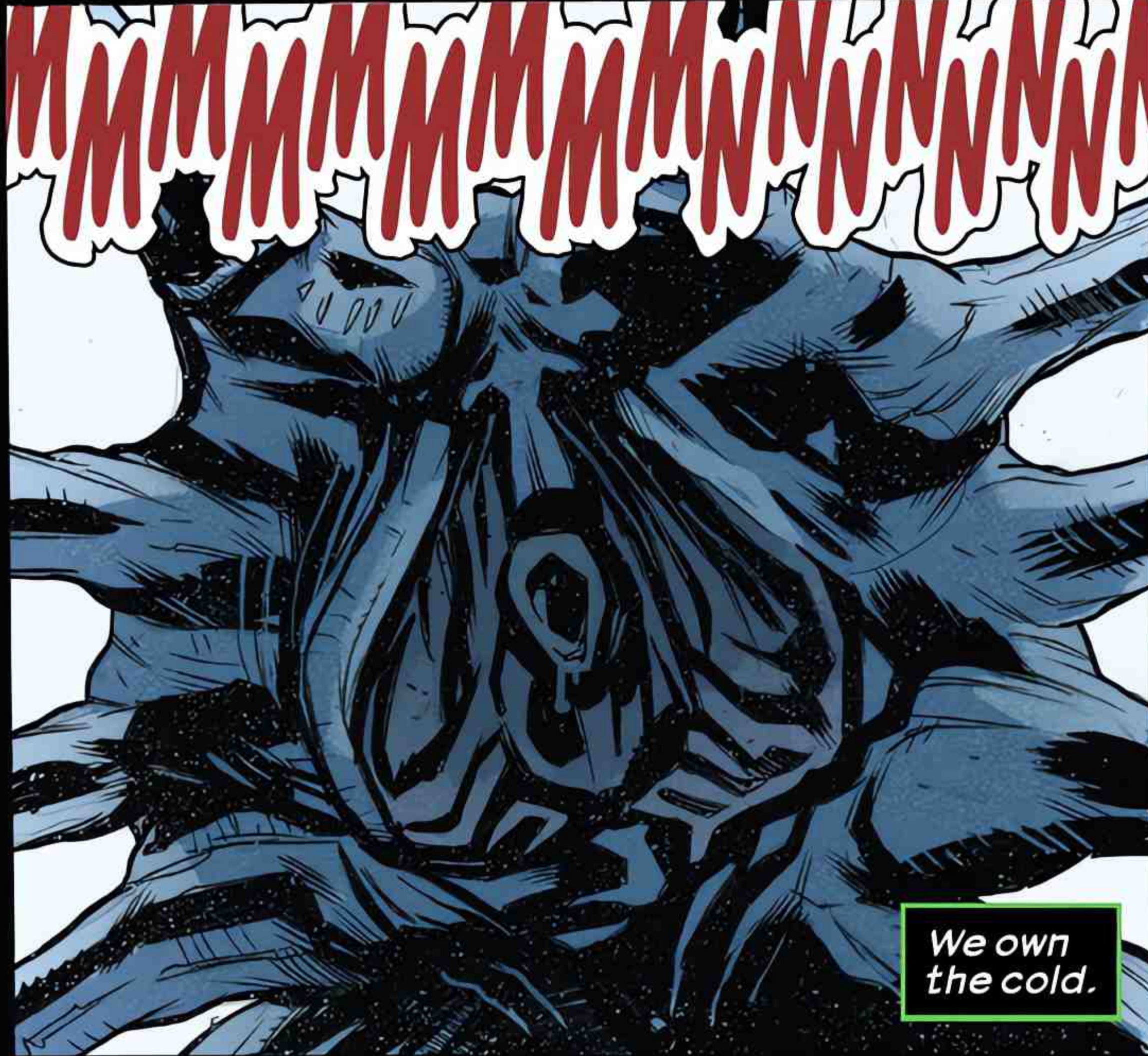
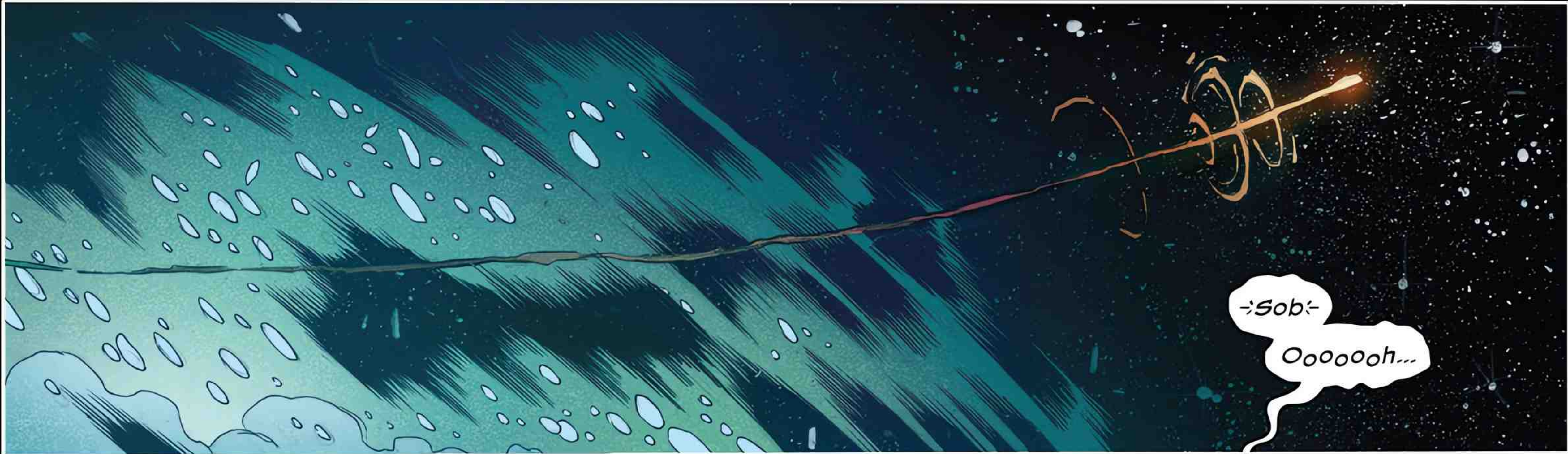


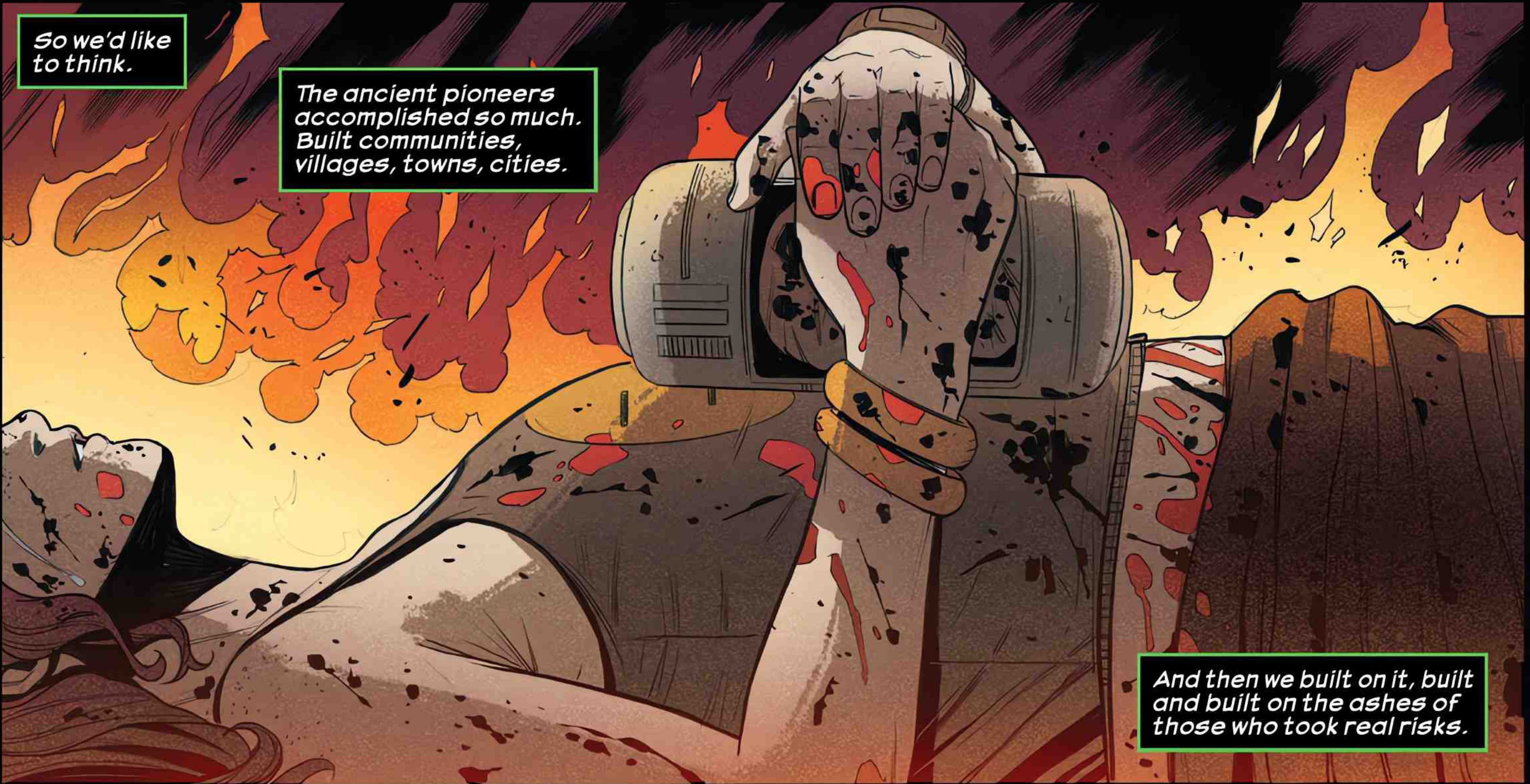
You and
your mom.
A family.



Be
safe.

I lo--
tzt

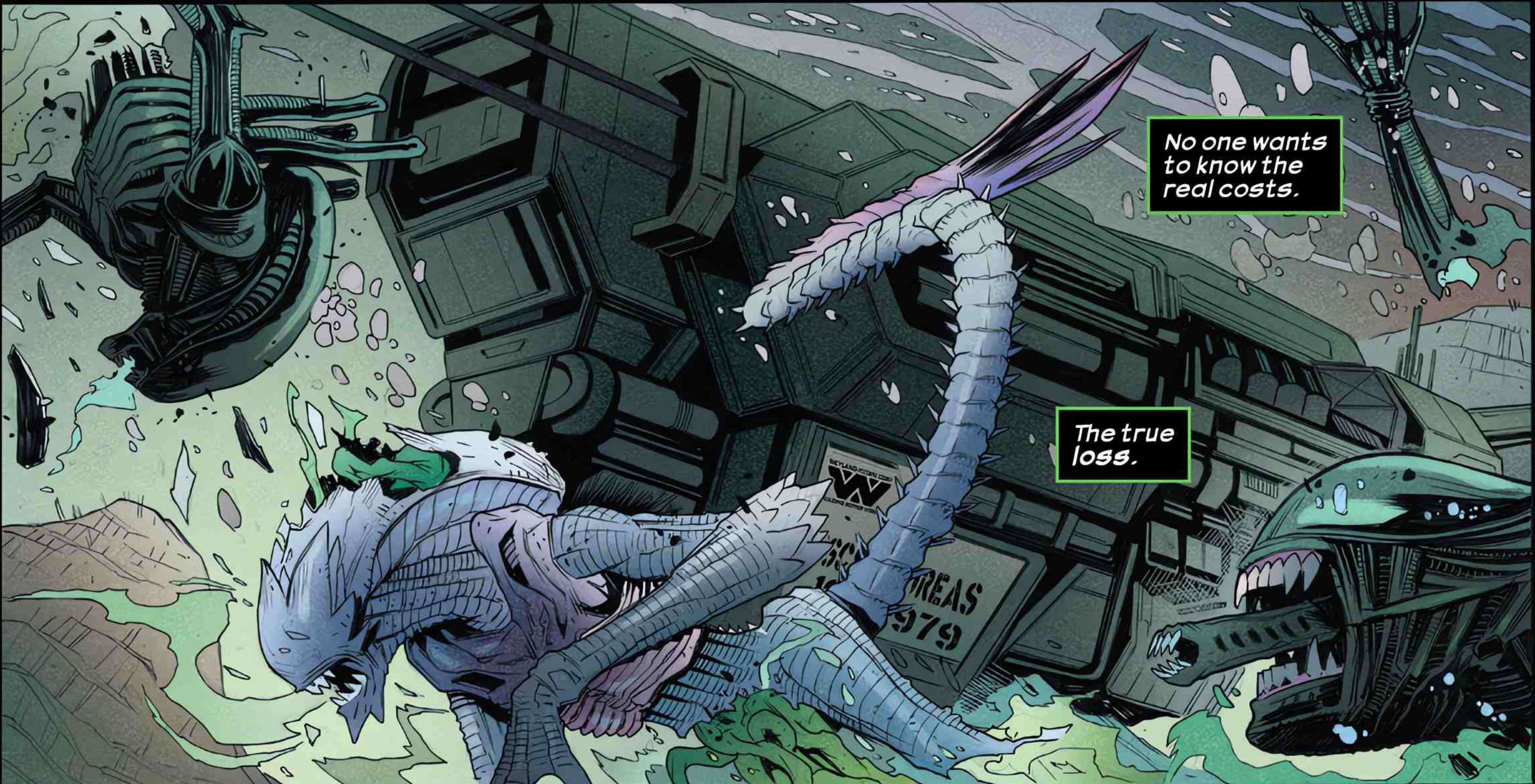




So we'd like
to think.

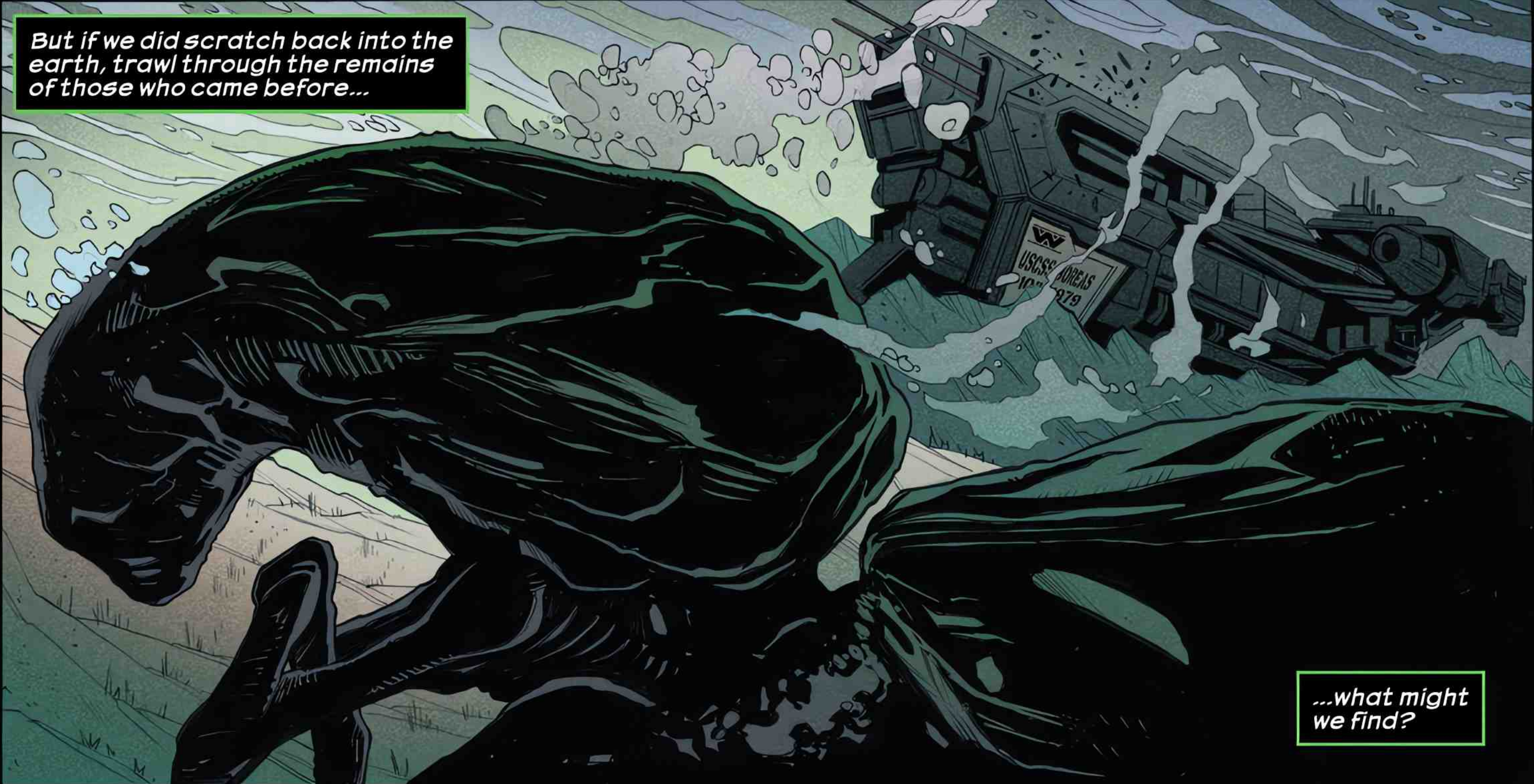
The ancient pioneers
accomplished so much.
Built communities,
villages, towns, cities.

And then we built on it, built
and built on the ashes of
those who took real risks.



No one wants
to know the
real costs.

The true
loss.



But if we did scratch back into the
earth, trawl through the remains
of those who came before...

...what might
we find?

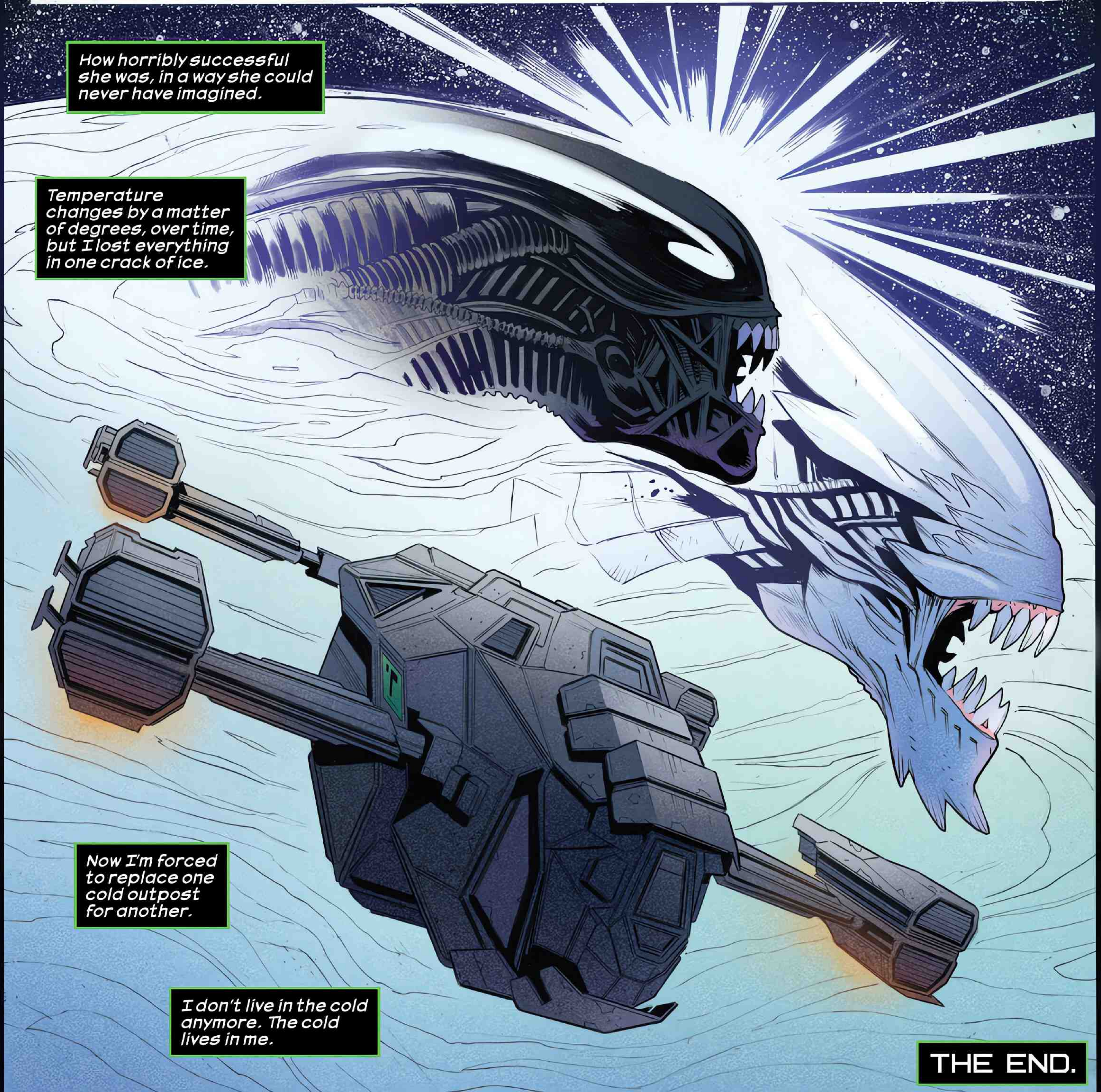


All I know is
that I've lost
everything. My
dad, my mom.
My...brother.

Dayton.
He...

That's all
gone now.

My mother wanted
to create a legacy.



How horribly successful
she was, in a way she could
never have imagined.

Temperature
changes by a matter
of degrees, over time,
but I lost everything
in one crack of ice.

Now I'm forced
to replace one
cold outpost
for another.

I don't live in the cold
anymore. The cold
lives in me.

THE END.

NEXT

A ANNUAL #1

Declan Shalvey and **Andrea Broccardo** will return with an all-new story! But first--this **October**, witness Xenomorph adaptation like you never have before in **Alien Annual #1**, a gorgeous, blood-soaked one-shot from Declan and guest artist **Danny Earls**!

